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NO. 9.

PRESS ON!

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Press on! there's no such word as fail!
Press swiftly on! the goal is near—
Ascend the mountain! breast the gale!
Look upward, onward—never fear!
Why should'st thou faint? Heav'n smiles above,
Though storms and vapors intervene;
That sun shines on, whose name is Love,
Serenely o'er life's shadowed scene.

Press on! surmount the rocky steeps—
Climb boldly o'er the torrent's arch—
He falls alone who feebly creeps,
He wins who dares the hero's march.
Be thou a hero! let thy might
Tramp on eternal snows its way,
And through the ebon walls of night,
Hew down a passage unto day.

Press on! if once or twice thy feet
Slip back and stumble, harder try.
From him who never dreads to meet
Danger and death, they're sure to fly.
To coward ranks the bullet speeds,
While on their breasts who never quail,
Gleams, guardian of chivalric deeds,
Bright courage, like a coat of mail.

Press on! if fortune play thee false
To-day, to-morrow she'll be true.
Whom now she sinks, she now exalts,
Taking old gifts, and granting new.
The wisdom of the present hour
Makes up for follies past and gone,
To weakness, strength succeeds, and power
From frailty springs—press on! press on!

Press on! what though upon the ground
Thy love has been poured out like rain?
That happiness is always found
The sweetest that is born of pain.
Oft 'midst the forest's deepest gloom
A flower of brightest tint you'll see,
And in the dreariest desert blooms
A never dying rose for thee.

Therefore, press on! and watch the goal
And gain the prize, and wear the crown,
Faint not! for to the steadfast soul
Come wealth, and honor, and renown.
To thine own self be true, and keep
Thy mind from sloth, thy heart from soil!
Press on! and thou shalt surely reap
An heavenly harvest for thy toil!

Modesty is generally the companion of virtue,
innocence, and real abilities.

"Doctor, do you think tight lacing is bad for
the consumption?"

"Not at all—it is what it lives on."

The Doctor's reply was wise as well as witty.

The following article was sent to us by the
writer, a physician of Boston, for publication last
month. We could not then make room for it,
but now cheerfully give it place. It was origi-
nally published in a Boston paper. The source
from which it comes entitles it to a hearing, at
least. [Ed. Lily.]

THE NEW COSTUME FOR THE LADIES.

The new costume for women is such a com-
mon subject of discussion just now, and seems to
excite such a general interest, that I have thought
that possibly an expression of the views of a phy-
sician upon it might not be misplaced in your col-
umns. To enable you to appreciate fully the
value of my opinions upon it, I wish to state that
my prejudices were entirely opposed to it. I
habitually dislike innovation, and am constitution-
ally disposed to look with distrust upon any strik-
ing departure from our old ways, "our good old
ways," as many kindly call them. The new cos-
tume appeals, however, to our common sense—
that back-bone of the mind—that, putting aside
my prejudices, I have set myself to weighing
carefully the objections to, and advantages of this
style of dress.

To rehearse the objections to it: The first
and strongest, I find, is on the score of delicacy.
This delicacy is a hard thing to define, and I find
a great difference among persons as to what is
delicate and what is indelicate. No idea of in-
delicacy has ever been attached to the costume
of the virtuous Swiss, whose brevity of what our
mothers used to call plainly "petticoats," but which
delicacy now requires we should call "skirts," is
remarkable; and still less to the picturesque dress
of the Polish lady, with her high fur-trimmed boots
(the very things for our snows and slob) and short
tunic. We have seen also the most refined lad-
ies of another country—their heads covered
with a broad sombrero—each foot armed with a
massy spur, bestride their horse in a manner
strongly exciting admiration for its grace and ele-
gance, and I should pity the one who could at-
tach any idea of indelicacy to it. But to come
nearer home; if delicacy requires that the skirt
should be long, why do our ladies a dozen times
a day commit the indelicacy of raising their dress-
es, which have already been sweeping the side
walks, to prevent their dragging in the mud of
the street. Surely a few spots of mud added to
the refuse of the sidewalks on the hem of their
garment, are not to be compared to the charge
of indelicacy, to which the display they make
might subject them.

The next objection is that it tends to unsex
the woman, and that in giving her a dress assim-
ilated to that of a man it would give her manners
and feelings, which, though becoming man, be-
cause proper to him, would be unsuitable to and
repulsive in a woman. Were the first proposi-
tion true, I would at once yield the second; but

it is not. The dress need have no masculine char-
acteristics about it. The costume of the Polish
ladies and the out-door dress of the Russians,
which—resembling each other very much, I
should take as the proper type for our ladies to
model theirs upon—has surely never been obnox-
ious to such a charge; whilst the Turkish wo-
men have always been considered in physique
and in costume as the embodiment of all that is
effeminate. Between these, the out-door horse-
back dress of the Peruvian ladies—a suitable
type for a summer dress with us—gives no sug-
gestions to "masculinity," even when each heel
of the wearer is armed with a half-pound spur.—
These peculiarities of the new dress, in which
its advantages consist, do not effect the clothing
of the chest at all, by no means require as essen-
tial to its perfection a waistcoat, standing dickey,
cravat and sack, as many seem to think; at least
such is not the costume we argue for.

Leaving the portion above the waist to the taste
of the wearer, suggesting however, that it should
be much looser and less constraining to the mo-
tions of the arms and chest than it now is; we
would have a skirt reaching down to nearly half
way between the knee and ankle, and not made
quite so full as is the present fashion. The droop
being for a shorter distance, so much fullness is
not required to produce the same gracefulness
of fold. Underneath this skirt, trousers mode-
rately full, in fair, mild weather, coming down to
the ankle—not instep—and there gathered in
with an elastic band. The shoes or slippers to
suit the occasion. For winter or wet weather,
the trousers also full, but coming down into a boot
which should rise some three or four inches at
least above the ankle. This boot should be grace-
fully sloped at the upper edge, and trimmed with
fur or fancifully embroidered, according to the
taste of the wearer. The material might be cloth,
morocco, mooseskin, &c., and water-proof, if de-
sirable.

Now for the advantages of this costume, and
our reasons why we fly in the face of prejudice
and dare run counter to the time-confirmed no-
tions until now everywhere accepted, with re-
gard to the proprieties of woman's dress.

To begin with the least. *It would be cheaper.*
There is less material required in it, both for com-
fort and elegance. The wear of it would be much
less, because this comes chiefly upon the lower part
of the skirt, where now it is bedraggled in the mud
and filth in the streets, and where it is most apt to
be torn and chafed. The poor would have what
is necessary for comfort at less outlay, while those
less under the restraints of economy could have
richer materials at the same expense as before.

It would be more convenient. The motions
of the wearer would be less constrained. Foul
weather, with its rain and mud, would incom-
mode them less, and changes to meet it not
be so necessary; or at least not to such an ex-
tent. And also, as a consideration under this
head, the wardrobe need not be so bulky.

It would be more healthy—particularly if the reform were carried a step farther, and a dress for the waist adopted, in which a lady could pick cherries without splitting a sleeve off, and play at battledoor without an expenditure of hooks and eyes. The material could be better adapted to the season. It could therefore be made cooler in summer, and warmer in winter, than at present. The trousers would be the *essential part of the habitual dress*; the skirt an addition for grace and propriety. Comfort, therefore, would not require so frequent a change of the latter as is now necessary; while with the former at little trouble, (and therefore not so liable to be neglected as now) muslin might give way to merino, or this to suit a momentary demand of out door exercise, or a change in the weather. Damp skirts, hanging, as is often the case, for the hour, about the feet and ankles, would be done away with; whilst the latter, clad in an appropriate boot, would be as independent of the weather as those of the men. A still further, and possibly more important consideration, under this head, is the following, to which I ask especial attention. Either to obtain the necessary warmth, or to attain a greater elegance of form, the skirts now worn are multiplied greatly in number, besides being a heavy material, weighing—though it may astonish some of my lady readers themselves when I say it—10, 12 and 13 pounds! All this weight is supported by the hips alone, producing two serious evils: First, the drawing strings around the waist have to be very tight, to prevent the skirts from slipping down; and thus a compression is produced and continually kept up, which must embarrass the organs within the exercise of their functions. But besides this source of trouble, the weight of the skirt is continually operating to force downwards the organs within, only covered by partially resistant but pliant walls of the abdomen. The advantage, technically speaking, with which this weight acts, would be readily understood by any one having a knowledge of mechanics, and when understood, the frequency of those distressing affections peculiar to the sex, is perfectly explained—affections which seem to make half our women prematurely aged, and entail on many an existence to which death would be preferable. It is no wonder, under this view of the case, that there should be such a demand for abdominal supporters and various contrived trusses, nor for the efficacy of such contrivances when they have to act, not simply against the gravity of the organ they are intended to support, but against the downward pressure of a weight so placed as to act mechanically to the utmost advantage.

To put this matter in the clearest and plainest light, so that all may comprehend it, let any one who wears her dress in the way I have described, and who feels that she requires a supporter, in fitting herself with one, first hang a weight equivalent to that of her skirts upon the spring of the supporter, to see whether the latter is able even to counteract the downward pressure exerted by the former. She will be astonished at the strength of the spring required to do this alone, yet it must do it before it can begin to do its own work of supporting; for both act in the same way by external pressure upon the abdominal walls.

This, we hope, is very clear, for we hold it to be very important as furnishing a key to much of the suffering that is so prevalent now amongst our women, and to the inefficacy of all application for its relief. A partial remedy which we have already largely advised, and with benefit, is to wear shoulder-straps; but how much better to substitute the light trousers—light compared to the six skirts, even if made of the thickest and warmest material—for these other cumbrous garments.

We have thus gone into this matter very fully, and believe we have looked at it and discussed it from all points of view. We feel that it deserves this—that any plausible attempt to relieve our women from the trammels of a costume not superlatively graceful, unnecessarily costly, inconvenient, and we believe seriously detrimental in

several ways to their health, deserves all consideration.

One word more. We beg those of our female friends who entertain the intention of being pioneers in this reform to be deliberate and not to injure what is good, and prejudice many against their cause, by carelessness of taste, or by going to unnecessary extremes. As long as they avoid these, we claim exemption for them from the criticisms of every male who wears the present stove-pipe-section head gear, and from those of every one of their own sex who persists in collecting the sweepings of the sidewalk upon the hem of her dress, or who thinks it more delicate to display four-fifths of her stocking every time she crosses a street than to adopt

THE NEW DRESS.

LETTERS TO MOTHERS....No. 1.

THE BOYS OF OUR VILLAGE.

How many times I have heard the question passed round: "what shall be done with the boys?" It is asked, and responded to, with a kind of hopelessness, as if nothing but some special Providence, some visible shower of Divine grace, could reach their case. Every body deploras their condition. They sigh over it, turn up the whites of their eyes at it, but no one proposes to do the least thing in their behalf. Our boys, they say, are coarse, rude and vicious; disturbing the quiet of our town by night and day. They annoy us in our homes by breaking our windows, fences and trees; in public meetings by their noise and laughter; in the streets by their disrespect and vulgarity; and by common consent they are set down a public nuisance. Now, my friends, these things ought not so to be; but why it is so, I can give you two sufficient reasons:—1st. They have nothing to do.—They feel all the time just as you do when compelled to sit at the depot and wait for the cars two or three hours. 2nd. They are under no restraint. Mothers seem to think that they are made of the same stern material as their fallen Adams, and therefore they need not try to manage them; and fathers, so long as they can be left undisturbed with their newspapers and tobacco, seem to care precious little about them until they are beyond all control. True, they pray to their Heavenly Father night and morning to make their children wise and good, but they never put their own shoulder to the wheel to bring about the desired end. They do nothing for the development of the higher natures of their children. Food and clothes are all the wants they aim to supply. Many of these children live in fine houses, but they are so shut up that they seem more like the dark valley than sweet home. No wonder they seek the street where they can at least enjoy the sunshine and the balmy air. Anything but a dark, gloomy house. I never saw a healthy, happy woman who lived in the shade. You, mothers, who have house plants know that they must have sun, or the leaves turn yellow, and they droop and die; and so must you have light and sun—it is necessary to your existence. True, light fades the carpets, but the want of it fades you. Query: which is the most important a carpet or a woman? But I would suggest some things to the mothers of these night-prowling street urchins, and among them are to be found the children of the rich, as well as the poor. Why should not boys be under the same restraint that girls are? yea, more, if it be true that they are so much coarser, ruder and more vicious by nature, than girls. At all events when the hens go to roost, boys had better seek the paternal roof; and I have no doubt they would, and from choice too, if mothers and fathers would only take more pains to make home a cheerful, pleasant, happy place. When it is dark, roll out your centre table, place on it a bright solar lamp, (how I hate a dim lamp, or a tallow dip—poor economy to use up one's eyes in order to save a few cents.) As-

semble your children round the table, with books, pictures, games, &c., and let them find their amusement. Let the boys play on the piano or guitar, draw pictures of animals, ships or plans for houses. Let them make bright colored patchwork, or worsted work; and by way of combining the useful with the ornamental, let them remodel some hapless pair of pants through which the knees have been worn to peer. With a neat little instrument called a scissors, let them describe some substantial square or parallelogram of corduroy or sheep's grey, and by the aid of needle and hemp thread insert the same into these knee windows; for although every window in this country is not taxed as in England, yet this sort is a great tax on nature's net-work in the grand and lofty tumbling of a boy's performances through one day. In this way the boys doing their own mending, and the father, when he returns from his office or store, doing his, the mother can have some time for the improvement of herself and children. Then instead of giving up all her evenings to stitch, stitch, she can read, play and sing to her children, dance, play "puss in the corner," or a game of chess, give them puzzles, conundrums, &c. Now think you a boy would leave such amusements for a vulgar street frolic?—Why no! you would have them all in of their own accord before dark, hurrying you to get ready, that the evening with its varied enjoyments might fairly begin. I have just had a visit from two boys that in my opinion are about right. Although both under twelve years of age they are good English scholars. They can converse well on what they have seen and known, recite beautifully many of the choicest pieces of poetry in our language, and play a good game of chess; one of them has pieced an entire bed-quilt. They can climb a rope or tree, and swim with more agility than any boys of their age; cut wood, and hoe corn and potatoes. They are gentlemen in the parlor, and no drones in the field; full of life, health and vigor, and larger than any boys of their age; and what is more, hear ye! boys of Seneca! during a visit of several days, I never heard one unkind or vulgar word pass their lips. They never fight, scratch, kick or bite. If assaulted by rude boys they quietly retire from the scene of action. The animal in these boys seems to have been brought into subjection to the spiritual. This may be in part accounted for, from the fact that they have never tasted meat or butter, nor been degraded by personal violence. They know no fear of the whip. A love for virtue, goodness and truth has been developed in its stead. Their parents are their teachers, week days and Sundays—their companions and playfellows. Would that all our children could enjoy the sunshine of such a home. Would that fathers and mothers would begin to think that the salvation of their children depended more on the religious element being incorporated into the every day life, than the listening to sermons and prayers they cannot understand, one day in seven. E. C. S.

THE NEW COSTUME.

For our part we have watched the progress of this public discussion of female costume with unalloyed disgust. The dress of woman has been held in some heathen countries, a sacred investiture. Nothing could sooner break down our respect for woman, and more speedily remove all the gentler securities of the sex, than the constant and wanton examination of that which so nearly regards her personal sanctity. It is only in the shadow of her peculiar privileges, that woman finds her truest safeguard. Once confound her with man, once lead her forth into the broad glare of unrestrained publicity, when she becomes a subject of significant attention and daily stricture—and the gentle but irresistible spell she now wields is broken forever. The sun belongs to man, the shade is woman's. Notoriety is the foul fiend at whose feet she falls.

We would that woman might be supreme at the hearth and in the affections, not merely Turkish seclusion for her, but certainly her immediate and entire command of public life. Has it increased or decreased our respect for the mothers and daughters of the land, that their movements are the subject of daily newspaper comment; that they are figuring as politicians, or as reformers, busying themselves on platforms and in open convention, with the anatomy of themselves, and like the tipsy wantons baring their bosoms to the rude gaze of the world?—Fortunately we are glad to believe that the number is still small, and the character inconsiderable which have shown themselves ready to undertake the ruinous ordeal.

[N. Y. Cour. and Enq.]

In the above the nice journalist says that the dress of woman is held in some heathen countries as a sacred investiture. Well, if this be so, their persons certainly are not so held; on the contrary they are subject to the most degrading oppression which selfishness and sensuality can inflict, and it is to save woman from the shadow of this mental degradation that yet lingers along the horizon of enlightened countries, for which we contend—and if in doing this a more healthy apparel is publicly recommended, where is the harm? Those who think this discussion so unfit for the papers, would do well to turn to those advertisements which form such a large part of many of our newspaper columns, wherein medicine for the real or supposed diseases of females are pointed out, often serving no other purpose than as food for the depraved mind, or to teach our women early what weak, feeble, and dependent things they may become. The nice editor also seems to think this discussion of female costume as desecrating to all those gentler securities of the sex, given to us by virtue of man's respect, &c., &c. Now in the name of all that is sacred we would ask, what does woman want of all those gentler securities? If she be true to her conscience and her God, she needs no other protection than that which a trust in His providence, and a knowledge of the physical laws of her being would secure to her. This trust would do away with that feeble, crouching effeminacy which at the same time that it cripples woman, gives strength to the licentiousness of man. Again, he says if she be once confounded with men, and led into the "broad glare of unrestrained publicity, the gentle and irresistible spell she now holds over his affections will be broken forever. Is man then so despicable that if woman be confounded with him she loses at once that irresistible spell in which she may chance to bind him? It is time that this "spell" made up of love sighs, feigned smiles, and gentle coying manners, should be exchanged for a higher and nobler purpose. Mothers have too long taught their daughters that beau catching and matrimony is the *summum bonum* for which they should live. The Turkish seraglio has not been much worse than this degrading, and mind debasing influence. Let it not remain as hitherto, that the labors, duties, and business activities of the female should be secondary, and making love "spells" primary. What a libel is put upon the work of God in this sentence, "the sun belongs to man, the shade to Woman"—as if a creature had been formed by the Divine Architect so imperfect, that the shade should be suited to cover up those deformities and imperfections which the sunlight might expose. Patriotism might here blush and from this low standard of female capacity the true reformist might strike up a note for her mental, moral and physical emancipation which might be heard throughout the world, and even the redeemed spirits of the departed might catch the distant echo, and blend it with those immortal songs which make music in heaven.—If "notoriety" be the "foul fiend" before which woman falls, we would ask where is the safeguard for man when he forsakes duty for fame? History proves that there is none. It is woman's

"entire abandonment of public life," which has not only enervated her, but demoralized man.—If she cannot withstand the strictures which publicity imposes, how can she have mental strength to govern her own household and to train aright those imperishable minds whose early developments are depending so much upon her wisdom? Character is strengthened by collision with the world, its conflicts, and temptations, and woman must pass through this ordeal. It is false to suppose that her thoughts, aspirations, and principles can be represented by man, for she is an accountable being, and as such is individually responsible to her Creator; and if alone to him, she must give an account of her stewardship—alone stand before the gaze of those pure intelligences who breathe the holy atmosphere of heaven, it is a pity that she should have been so long thought unfit to bear the scrutiny of poor mortals, when she would publicly speak in the cause of truth and right. That the burning love for the right, which has drawn refined and intelligent woman, from the shades of retirement, should meet with the same vile opprobrium which is used to class her among the most debased of her sex, only reflects much dishonor upon its author, and clearly proves him to be incapable of wielding his pen upon any subject of morals; and we would add that he is much deceived in believing that the numbers are small, or character inconsiderable that are willing to defend publicly the cause of truth, and humanity. For, most assuredly, the day is breaking, when woman left to the intellectual training which her awakened mind now demands, will scorn, trample upon and scatter to the four winds of the earth, all rules which conflict with her physical, mental, or moral, *well being*. L. A. M. Seneca Falls, Aug. 1851.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS CONVENTION.

In accordance with a vote of the Woman's Rights Convention held in Worcester, Mass., the 23d and 24th of October last, viz: "to meet in convention annually, to consider the Rights, Duties and Relations of Woman," a Convention will be held in Worcester the 15th and 16th of October next. — We invite all, both men and women, to meet at the appointed time and place, for the free and full discussion of this great question. The cause itself, affecting as it does the destiny of the race, takes the front rank in those Reform Movements, which the progressive spirit of the age has called into being, and invites to its aid all who see and feel the wrongs which grow out of the false position of Woman, and who, having

"No dread of what
Is called for by the instinct of mankind,"

dare give to such a movement the sanction of their presence, and to embody in word and deed, the thought and feeling which they must have, who see that Woman Socially, Civilly, Religiously and Educationally sustains an unnatural and unworthy position.

The work contemplated is no child's play. It wars directly with the *thought* so deeply rooted and so hoary, that Woman is only an appendage, and not an integral part in the fabric of human society. It is in full conflict with the world's teachers, its preachers, its lawgivers, its poets and its painters. It stands opposed to those soul-blighting usages of society, which have consigned Woman to an aimless and objectless existence, and have baptized a life so unworthy, as peculiarly fitting and graceful for Woman.

Such are some of the circumstances. Come then to the Convention, prepared, as thought meets thought, to seize and use each ray of light in dispelling the darkness which is spread everywhere relative to Woman's Rights, and the Duties which grow out of those Rights.

N. B.—Papers friendly to the movement are requested to copy the above.

In behalf of the Committee,

LUCY STONE,
PAULINA W. DAVIS,
WM. H. CHANNING.

MOUNT AIRY, Ohio, Aug 22, 1851.

DEAR MRS. BLOOMER:—Many thanks for the August number of the *Lily*; it is the first one that I have ever seen.

When the Ancients wanted inspiration they called upon the gods, and the gods laid the fire upon their hearts and they poured forth their thoughts in music and harmony; or in other words, poetry and song. But we poor creatures of modern time are obliged to keep our machines to do job work for ourselves and our neighbors.—Some are patented and improved, and do super-fine work, while others only answer for coarse every-day business. Such is the machine of which I claim to be owner. It is getting worn, and old too, and jolts along badly at times; nevertheless, every time the waters of my spirit are stirred the old thing will run out some kind of a grist. You may thank your *Lily* of to night for the following impromptu.

FRANCES D. GAGE.

THE LILY.

Lilies in the spring-time are beautiful and fair,
But Lilies in September are still more rich and rare.
Lilies in the spring-time yield a rich perfume,
But their fragrance passeth with their early bloom.

Lilies in September fade not in a day,
Still their fragrance lingereth, and cheereth all the way:

Lilies of the spring-time please the eye awhile,
But Lilies of September, thought, and heart, beguile.

For there is a Fairy in each opening bell,
Singing "good time coming"—singing too, right well;

Bend your ear and listen to the cheering song,
Of the good time coming—coming right along.

"Ho! the night is breaking. See the sunlight glow
Through the shadowy darkness, and mists of long ago:

Old error, and oppression, flee with the morning light,
Before those valiant hunters, Justice, Truth, and Right.

"And woman is arousing from her slumber dark,
and long,

To go forth to her duty, with a spirit free, and strong:

A slave, a drudge, no longer would she walk her weary round—

Nor yet the idle plaything of a sneering world be found.

"But, a pure exalted being, carrying out Jehovah's plan,
Giving vigor, strength, and beauty, and holiness to man.

She will dare to use untrammelled each talent God hath given
To bring about his kingdom "on earth as 'tis in Heaven!"

"Tell ye not that law must bind her an inferior through life,

To make what God designed her—a true mother, and true wife!

She is pleading for her birth-right—she is striving to be free,

Make her, O man! thine equal. Thy reward ten-fold shall be!"

Oh listen to the Fairy! within the *Lily's* bell
She sings of HUMAN PROGRESS—and she sings her song right well.

THE NATIONAL TEMPERANCE CONVENTION held at Saratoga Springs on the 21st and 22d of August, was well attended by delegates from 19 states and Canada. Some of the oldest and most distinguished advocates of the cause in the United States were among the number. Chancellor Walworth presided. Resolutions taking decided ground in favor of the legal suppression of the liquor traffic, and approving of the principles of the Maine law, were adopted. The reports from various states as to the progress of the cause were highly encouraging.

For The Lily.
EQUALITY OF RIGHTS TO WOMAN.

NO. II.

When I closed my previous number, I was noticing the position, that, by the order of the Creator as established in the nature and fitness of things, and by his will as expressed in the Bible, woman was made to act a part entirely subordinate to man. This has been so long and so generally accepted—it is so interwoven with the ethics of the schools, the creeds of the churches and the faith of the people, that it requires some nerve even to doubt its correctness. In looking at the nature and fitness of things for authority to sustain the principle, let us regard the two sexes as each having a particular sphere, the one being within, and the other without. This is in accordance with the acknowledged ethics of the day, and whether correct or not, I shall not stop to discuss. For, whether these different spheres have been marked out and predestined by the Creator, or merely traced by human institutions and customs, is utterly immaterial so far as the proposition we are discussing is concerned. The question is, why should not the wife be the mistress of her own sphere, as well as the husband the master of his? There are but two positions which are, or can be assumed to sustain the husband's absolute empire over his wife's conduct; both of which are not only untenable, but perfectly absurd. Put it upon the one—physical prowess—the principle which controls among brutes,—that might makes right, and it proves a little too much. For instance: if his lordship happens to be the weaker vessel of the two, he would find the tables turned upon him. Place it upon the other, the basis of intellectual superiority, and they are equally unfortunate, for their premises are equally defective to authorize their conclusion, unless they can show, what no one dare even assume, that every man knows more than every woman, and every man knows everything better than every woman knows it. For, from the very rule which they adopt, in whatever department the woman is most expert and competent, there at least, she should be the mistress of her own conduct.

In seeking for authority in the Bible, expressions are found which are assumed to authorize such a deduction; but before they can arrive at the conclusion that such is the general law of Heaven, they must go through with a certain process of reasoning, and assume some things not expressly authorized by the text, or the context; and when they have got through with their logic, they will find that the loyalist, by the same mode of reasoning, proves just as satisfactorily the Divine right of kings, and the southern planter in the same way, a sacred sanction to his peculiar institution. So that after all, if such a law exist, it can be made out only by inference and construction. And is it not reasonable to conclude, that if the great Lawgiver had intended to establish such an order of things, as would subject the better half of the human family to irrevocable bondage to the other, through all ages and changes, it would have been expressed in language and terms so plain and definite, that it could not have been mistaken, instead of being permitted to find an existence only in the fallible deductions of men? In the administration of municipal laws such a latitude of construction was never allowed; and if it be applied to Divine laws, no one can foresee to what the ingenuity of man may subject him.

In fact, the Scriptural argument in favor of female subjection to marital power, would appear absurd to any individual in whose religious faith such a dogma had no pre-occupation. It begins by assuming, that as Adam was created before Eve, woman's subordination was a fixed and primitive law of creation. I submit that from such premises no such conclusion follows. If authority were made to depend on priority of creation, then in case the wife happened to be older than her husband, she would by right hold the power;

and the beasts of the field would be entitled to dominion over man himself, for they were first created.

Not content with this position, our learned doctors seek further strength in the way of emblems. Their reasoning is, that as Eve was formed from one of Adam's ribs, she and all her daughters after her, have no moral or physical independence in the marriage state, but are the simple subjects of lordly will and caprice. If she had been formed from one of Adam's heels, the conclusion would be much more plausible, that she had derived her origin from that source as emblematic of a future subordinate position.

Again they pretend to derive strength from the curse of disobedience, "thy desire shall be unto thy husband" "and he shall rule over thee."—Proclaimed in the same sentence, as these assumptions usually are, they present a singular and marked absurdity. They cannot both be true. If woman was created subordinate, then she was not enthralled by the curse of disobedience. If the latter be true, the former cannot be. They might as well say of a blind man, that he was born blind, and before they have finished their story, affirm that he lost his power of sight by disease, after he had grown to manhood.

A fair reading of this denunciation to Eve seems to admit of no such construction. But supposing it does: it is not in its terms extended to her daughters. And when they assume that such was the law of God, there proclaimed to all womankind, they have no authority for the assumption, except the unfounded inference of man.—They might as plausibly contend, that a penalty of incarceration for an individual's life, necessarily extended the same penalty to his children and his children's children to the ultimate generation.

Let us now look at the New Testament. In some of the records there found, wives are commanded to be in subjection to their husbands, and such expressions are assumed as conclusive of the will of God, that obedience should be the duty of the one, and command the right of the other. In the same connection, servants are commanded to obey their masters, and subjects to honor and obey their king. Now if the subordination of woman is thereby fixed beyond the reach of progress or reform, then also are the claims of the slave riveted, and the bonds of despotism made the law of Heaven, so to remain forever. No such precept is there expressed, and by what rule of interpretation can it be implied? We are commanded to return good for evil, but who ever thought that in that our fellow got the right to do us evil? When smitten on the one cheek, we are commanded to turn the other also. Does any one suppose that this carries with it the authority to strike? Yet the same mode of deduction which gives the right in the one case, yields it in the other also.

This view of the expressions referred to leads to the only consistent interpretation of the meaning and spirit of the principles therein taught.—The Christian religion prescribes no particular form of government, establishes no civil code, nor does it pretend to determine what shall be the particular rights, duties, or disabilities of different individuals in the social compact. It is adapted to all forms of government alike, and equally to the relative position of the several members in each. Its end and office in directing man's conduct, are limited to instructing him how he shall discharge the duties which the laws of society and his several relations have imposed upon him, and not what those particular laws and relations shall be. The municipal polity and customs of the people to whom the Apostles were giving instructions, made the wife strictly the subject of the husband, sanctioned slavery and felt the power of despotism. Hence they were exhorted to submit in those particulars. Forcibly to oppose the laws of the land, was not consonant to the spirit of the religion they were teaching. Reform and revolution were left to be brought about by the quiet workings and teachings of the prin-

ciples which it inculcated, instead of the agency of its apostles acting as political agitators. In any other course, the Christian religion would have ceased to be the religion which it is. Freedom is not of this world. We are not authorized to assume that every command or exhortation made to particular individuals, or communities of that day, under particular circumstances, became a general moral law, or that as a junction of submission to particular relations, or to particular requirements of any of these relations, necessarily implied that such relations and such requirements should exist forever beyond the reach of modification and reform. Gentlemen who arrogate to themselves the prerogative of domineering over their wives and mean to rely on Divine revelation to sustain it, must also, if they have any regard for consistency, denounce the American and every other revolution, which has grown out of the oppression of the masses and resulted in a larger freedom, thereby overwhelming the relations of master and slave, king and subjects, the oppressors and oppressed, for all these were but a part of that order of things, which, if their reasoning be correct, was fixed by the will of the Creator to remain forever.—They cannot sustain the prerogative they claim, without going the whole length in their assumptions.

I have now done with this part of the subject, but propose to notice some other positions in another number.

SENEC.

ALEXANDER, July 20, 1851.

Mrs. BLOOMER:—Please excuse me for intruding on your precious time; but really I do want to know what we old ladies are to do, in these times of reform. Shall we do as in old times—"stand still and see the salvation of the Lord," or shall we also, be up and doing? For one, I am willing to do either; but must wait your direction. I allude more particularly to the reform movements in the dress department.

I must say I have fears, that should ladies of fifty or sixty years old adopt the new costume, it might operate as a damper on the good cause which you so ably advocate and so fearlessly adopt; and yet it does seem rather hard, that we, who have so long and so faithfully swept the streets and side-walks, must still continue to do so; still I feel perfectly submissive, and shall wait patiently for your advice, which please give through the columns of your beautiful Lily, and oblige

THE OLD LADIES.

Do just as your impulses move you to do.—What you find a burthen in belief or apparel cast off. Woman has always sacrificed her comfort to fashion. You old women of sixty have been slaves to the tyrant long enough, and as you have but a few years to live, be as free and as happy as you can what time remains. Fit yourselves for a higher sphere, and cease groveling in the dirt. Let there be no stain of earth upon your soul or apparel.

We learn from the Wyoming County Mirror that Elizur Norton, a citizen of Warsaw, in that county, is now in jail for selling liquor contrary to law. There were between fifty and sixty offences proved, but all were withdrawn but four. For these, the penalty was \$100—\$25 for each offence. The Poor Master offered to settle with him "on condition that he would pay the cost, let the suit in the Supreme Court, which had previously been commenced, remain to be called up at any time when he should again violate the law, and agree to wholly quit the traffic in intoxicating drinks." This proposition he declined, and also refused to pay the \$100 fine. In consequence of this refusal he is now in jail. Warsaw has thus begun a good work. She has an active Temperance League and ample funds for any contingency. May they persevere till law and order shall triumph.

THE LILY.

AMELIA BLOOMER, Editor.

SEPTEMBER, 1851.

ON WITHOUT REPRESENTATION.

There is no more unjust law on record than that which subjects women to taxation. Forbidden a voice in making laws, she is yet forced to pay taxes, in the levying, collection, and application of which, she has not a word to say. Unrepresented, unconsulted, and denied the right of speech, she is still subject to the gross injustice of being compelled to yield up whatever of her substance the cupidity or avarice of men sees fit to exact. It is high time that women who hold property should bestir themselves on this subject. It is time they took the matter into their own hands, and invented some means of protecting themselves against such injustice. Let them follow the example of the women of ancient Rome—refuse to pay the unjust demands, and with a torch at their head march to the capitol, and ere before the assembled rulers plead their own wrongs and demand redress for their grievances.

To the honor of the sex be it known that we have in this village one woman—a poor widow—who has for some time resisted this high-handed tyranny. May she have strength to persevere, and the eloquence to shame the tax-gatherer who has the hardihood to beset her with his duns.—Those who dare thus oppress a widow and rob her of her pittance, depriving her of some necessary of life, should be branded as cruel tyrants, and their names made as odious to every true woman as was that of Tory to our revolutionary fathers. It is no excuse that they are acting according to law. So were the minions of king George in their day, and we have the glorious motto that “resistance to tyranny is a moral duty,” handed down to us by the heroes of 1776.—We have petitioned our State government to redress this grievance—either to allow us to be represented in the government or to impose no taxes upon us; but thus far our petitions are unheeded. We must next try some other mode of appeal.—Such injustice should no longer be quietly submitted to. Men are universally afraid of a broomstick and a woman's tongue; if no other weapons are allowed us, let these be freely used, together with bars and bolts to keep the tax-gatherer at bay. If, in addition to these, a cold douche could be administered, we doubt not the patriotism of that worthy would receive a shock which he would not easily forget. If these means fail, then let him sell whatever he can lay his hands on.—This will show up the beauty of the law to good effect, and call the attention of the world to the subject.

We care not how wealthy a woman may be, the wrong remains the same. Men would feel such wrong, and resist it to the extent of their power. Let woman do the same, and she will ere long convince man that she has profited by his teaching, that “taxation without representation” is unjust, and that “resistance to tyranny is a moral duty.”



Amelia Bloomer

We are indebted to T. W. Brown of the Cayuga Chief, for the above cut, which was taken from a daguerreotype of ourself. In the main it is a very good representation of our dress, though not as perfect a one as we hoped for. The artist has failed to show the trousers to us good advantage as we could wish. Of the face we will say nothing. Those who know us can best tell if there is any resemblance, and those who do not know us can imagine it to be a correct likeness if they choose. Our friends say it looks much older than we do. It matters but little, as we are not ambitious to show our face to our readers; all we seek is to let them see just what an “immodest” dress we are wearing, and about which people have made such an ado. We hope our lady readers will not be shocked at our “masculine” appearance, or gentlemen mistake us for one of their own sex.

This picture appeared in the Chief last week accompanied by a very flattering sketch. This, modesty forbids us to copy, but if any of our readers are anxious to read it, by sending one dollar to T. W. Brown, Auburn N. Y., they can have the privilege of doing so, and also of seeing the many good things which the Chief will be sure to contain for a year to come.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.—The September number of this popular Magazine is received. We have not yet examined it beyond the pictures; these are very fine; and we are happy not to have our eyes pained by a dowdy Paris fashion plate. Mr. Graham shows his good sense by excluding those ridiculous figures. We trust that ere long American women will become sufficiently enlightened not to suffer such caricatures of the human form to be imposed upon them.

MRS. SWISSHELM.

After putting on and laying off the short dress at two or three different times, this lady devotes two columns of her paper to fault finding and regret that anybody else should like what she dislikes. We should consider her remarks too "silly" for notice did we not know that there are many who look to her as a leader, and who will be guided by her opinions in the matter. Then, too, as our name was freely used in connection with her remarks, we feel that in justice to ourselves we cannot pass them by without notice. Our readers must bear with us while we glance at her positions, and we will endeavor hereafter, to spare them on this subject.

We have worn the short dress and trousers at home and abroad for the last five months, and we have never experienced any of the inconveniences, or met with any of the objections which Mrs. Swisshelm takes so much pains to make public; neither have we heard any such objections from any other person who has worn the dress. Mrs. S. says that the women in our State don't know how to make trousers, but that she does. To judge from her own story we New Yorkers do know how to make them, and she does not. She says "those that are the right length when standing, are too short when sitting, and make a heavy strain upon the sides when in this position." "This strain," she says, "is worse than carrying ten pounds of skirts." This is not true, as far as our experience or knowledge goes. Ours do not rise above the top of the gaiter when sitting, and there is not the least strain upon the sides. We would like Mrs. S. to tell us why there need be any more strain on our trousers than on men's. We don't believe any man feels a strain upon his pants equal to ten pounds weight. We leave our readers to judge which is the best tailor Mrs. S. or herself. Again she says "if the trousers are loose at the ankle they go flip flap, if gathered into a band they go slip slap, if there is a ruffle to fall down on the top of the foot it gets in the mud, and is as ugly as the longest skirt." We must dissent from all this. We have no trousers that are open at the bottom, but others wear them so, and prefer them to those that are gathered at the ankle. We see no reason why those made in this manner should go "flip flap" any more than gentlemen's pants do, and we never heard men raise any objections to theirs on that ground. We do wear them gathered at the ankle and know that they do not go "slip slap;" and we have spent the afternoon half a mile from home, been caught in a rain storm and walked home, through rain and mud with white pants trimmed with edging at the bottom, and falling down upon the foot, and found them as clean upon reaching the end of our walk as when we set out. The lady next complains of the manner in which the upper parts of the trousers are made, and says the "under garments must be worn inside of these." This is all as the wearer pleases. The upper part may be made according to choice; "like men's pantaloons," or open on the sides like children's drawers; and they may be supported by suspenders, buttoned to a waist, or left to rest on the hips; the weight of them when worn in the latter way is nothing when compared to skirts hang-

ing from the waist. The under garments, or chemise, may be worn inside or outside, as the wearer pleases.

Again the objector says "in stooping far enough to pick a thimble from the carpet in a skirt six inches below the knee the front part of the drape falls to the top of the foot and the back part rises above the knee, thus exposing the front part of the under skirts; or if one avoids the stooping position by squatting there must be a constant care and use of the hands to insure that the skirts do not lodge on the knees." We never could believe all this silly twaddle came from Mrs. Swisshelm had we not read it in the "Visitor." A woman can not bend forward and pick up a thimble from the floor in a long skirt, without exposing the fore part of her under-skirts, and her legs nearly to the knee, to any one sitting behind her if she only bends at the waist, without bending the knees outward; but this position is seldom assumed by any woman, the "squatting" one being preferable. Since reading this objection of Mrs. S. we have tried the latter, or common mode of picking things from the carpet, twenty times in succession, and although our skirt is but three instead of six inches below the knee, and we took no pains to prevent it resting on the knees, it did not once fail of falling over and dropping to the floor. But suppose a woman should show her under skirts a little, what is the harm? Do they never show them now, and in the streets? The short dress will have a good effect, for it will learn women to keep their skirts clean, and to wear none they are ashamed to have seen, which is more than can be said of them all, at present. The assertion that she "would rather undertake to manage an ordinary riding skirt in a promenade through a briar patch, than one which only reached to the knee," appears too absurd and unlikely for any one to believe. Does any one suppose—no matter whether they approve the short dress or not—that it is easier for a woman to go through a "briar patch," or up a steep hill, with her long skirts, than for a man to perform the same feat in his dress? Again she says "in sitting down one must be constantly on guard that one does not sit on the hem of the skirt so as to wrinkle it up in the form of a festoon." How Mrs. S. can manage to get the hem of a skirt which reaches six inches below the knee under her in that fashion when she sits, is more than we can understand. She must get up with her feet in the chair first, and then sit down child-fashion. This difficulty never occurred to us till we read her article. Then we examined all our skirts forthwith to find the "festoons" but—they were not there. Strange, too, as we had never been "on guard" in that quarter.

Again, "all the Bloomer dresses which I have seen are made with long, tight, funnel-shaped bodices, and worn with a mass of skirts depending from the waist." We have seen none such. Ours are very loose, with no bodice, and a much smaller amount of skirts than we formerly wore. Instead of this dress "tending to increase the pressure on the waist" we predict quite a contrary effect, and believe the time is coming, and now is, when woman will consider a large waist and comfortable dress far more beautiful than a wasp-

like form, and the tight, straight

they have so long encased themselves in. But enough of these objections. Mrs. S. has been so anxious to conciliate the opponents of this dress that she has quite overdone the matter and made herself ridiculous. A to say that after five months trial of are more in love with it than at first, and if found hers uncomfortable it was because she did not make it right. Our experience has been very different from hers; and so has that of all with whom we have conversed or corresponded on the subject. If Mrs. Swisshelm does not like to wear a short dress, or does not like to see them, she has a perfect right to say so; but to condemn wholly, as inconvenient and uncomfortable what others of longer experience like and approve, is going too far.

"We are sorry, very sorry" that Mrs. Swisshelm "whom we had looked upon as a co-laborer in the work of awakening public attention to the legal and social disadvantages under which woman labors, should have drawn off her force to get up a doughty campaign" against the comforts of our short skirts. She "might have left it for R. M. Riddle, James Watson Webb, Arthur C. Nelson and other very modest editors and for the drones who hang about the corners of streets and lounge on store boxes, discussing the "immodest" writings and doing of such an "amazon" as herself—to wage this war against short petticoats. "We were sorry, very sorry" to see Mrs. S. "draw off her forces to get up a campaign" against the "spirit rappings," and devote two columns of her paper for six weeks in succession to so "silly" a subject. "We were sorry, very sorry" when she so shocked the modesty of the world, and caused sneers and reproaches to be cast upon her sex, by so minutely describing the process of bathing; and "we were sorry, very sorry" when she "drew off her forces" to set the world in a blaze about Daniel Webster and his paramours. "It makes one blush to think of such a great moral reformer setting to work to fix the attention of the world" upon such matters. How strange, that Mrs. Swisshelm above all others; should have her modesty so shocked at the sight of a lady in short skirt and full trousers! Strange, that she, who thinks a chemise, one muslin petticoat, a lawn dress and no drawers, sufficient clothing for a lady in the street, even when the wind blows, should have a "propriety spasm" at the thought of a woman showing her under skirt and trousers, when stooping to pick up a thimble!

If "Wm. H. Burleigh" and others named by her, have not "laid their heads together to draw the attention of all newspaperdom to the cut of a pair of pantaloons," that gentleman, and many others of good sense and powerful intellect have not thought it beneath them to enlist all their powers in the work of redeeming woman from the bondage of dress; and although Mrs. S. has seen fit to declaim against it, because she "thought the announcement" of her wearing such dress "calculated to injure her influence"—of which she says in another place she has none—it will in no way effect those who think differently, and who are not so much afraid of injuring their influence.

THE GREAT SUPPER.

The Seneca County Courier of the 14th ult. is almost entirely with the proceedings attending the presentation at the Franklin House on the evening of the 8th ult. of a pair of beautiful beer pitchers, each to Messrs. Abel Downs and M. C. Silsby of this village, by a number of our citizens. This testimonial of respect was tendered to these gentlemen for their public spirit and enterprise in the prosecution, on an extensive scale, of the several branches of manufacturing business carried on by them, and as such was well deserved. From the proceedings on the occasion we learn that Messrs. Downs and Silsby, in connection with their two partners, W. Race, and S. S. Gould, give employment in their Pump and Stove Factory to about one hundred men, and through these furnish the means of livelihood to about one sixth of our entire population; that they annually produce manufactured articles to the value of over one hundred thousand dollars—all of which, are noted for their beauty of finish, and superior excellence. We also learn from these proceedings that the population of our village is over 3,000—that we have between three and four hundred men and women directly and constantly employed in manufacturing a variety of articles, and that the total value of these articles produced last year, was a little short of one million of dollars.

The ceremonies of presentation are said to have passed off very pleasantly, but as the ladies were not allowed to be present we can only speak on the subject from hearsay. The supper is praised as being the best thing of the kind seen or eaten for many a day, and the Courier is filled with the speeches made by Messrs. Sackett, Miller and others, on the occasion. If we are to believe this glowing account of the ceremonies, all was "as merry as a marriage bell."

But we turn from this bright picture of this festive gathering, and view it in another light.—One would suppose that where there was so much nobleness, so much talent, so much pure and lofty sentiment, so many learned, intelligent, sensible men congregated, to do honor to each other's worth, that the great foe to all nobleness, happiness, peace and prosperity would not be suffered to intrude. But alas! not so. Even here the hydra-headed serpent whose presence is death, whose mission is to mar, blight, and destroy all that is beautiful upon earth, was cordially welcomed and embraced. Here around this festive board he came, and entwining himself around the sparkling cup, he succeeded in drawing into his wiles many a wanderer from the temperance fold. Many who once were proud to bear aloft the noble banner on which was inscribed TOTAL ABSTINENCE, and from whose lips had passed the vows of undying hostility to the great destroyer—these fell from the proud eminence on which they once stood—trailed their noble banner in the dust, and broke their solemn vows. Well might angels hide their faces and weep over such a fall! Well may men blush and bow their heads in shame at so humiliating, so treacherous a deed! Strange it was, that while receiving such token of esteem from their fellow citizens,

the gentlemen who made the feast should requite the donors by drugging them with the foul poison which they well knew would stupify the senses, corrupt the heart, imbrute the soul, and sink to infamy all who should dare to trifle with the tempting draught! Strange that men who are otherwise above reproach should so demean themselves as to play the part of the vile rumseller, and lure from the path of sobriety and honor their weak and cowardly brothers! Strange that they who exercise so great an influence for good or evil upon society, should be willing to lend themselves to this work of evil, and set so pernicious an example before the youth in their employ—some of whom, are struggling to free themselves from the chains already upon them!

Who can tell how many will from that night date their downward course in the drunkard's path? Who can tell how much misery it will cause—to how much wretchedness it may lead? Who can tell how many fond hearts may be wrung with anguish, and how many tears it may cause to flow? It is known only to the All-seeing God, but, judging from the past, it will be a marvel if the draught of which some partook on that memorable night shall be the last. God grant that the minds of men may be speedily awakened to a sense of the enormous sin of thus luring their brother man to destruction, and that the march of the destroyer may be stayed ere many more noble souls fall victims to his ravages.

We are happy to know that several of our temperance men had courage to show their disapproval of this part of the entertainment by withdrawing when the poison was introduced. Others, who were deeply pained to be present at such a scene, felt that their influence would be greater to remain and show their disapprobation by refusing to partake of any thing stronger than cold water. We think neither party has much to boast of.—Those who left had not the courage or manliness to give their reason for leaving, and those who remained could not find words to speak their disapproval.

☞ Mrs. W. R. P. is advised that both our self and our paper occupy a position too high above her low standard to be hurt by her ill-bred remarks. It is now near three years since we commenced the publication of The Lily, and in all that time we have never received so unlady-like and impudent a note from any source as the one penned by her. Had we not some regard for the feelings of her near friends we would comply with her request and publish the note, with her signature, that our citizens might know how vulgar a mind dwells beneath a rich outward adorning. On their account we spare her the humiliation she seeks.

☞ Our subscription list is constantly increasing. To those friends who are interesting themselves in our behalf, and inviting others to inhale the fragrance of our Lily, we tender our hearty thanks and good wishes. We need no better proof of the estimation in which our paper is held, and of the good sense of our readers, than is shown in these voluntary offerings. We hope all who approve of the principles we advocate will sustain us in them by acting as our agents, and as far as possible extending our circulation.

GRAND UNION OF DAUGHTERS OF TEMPERANCE.

The Grand Union, D. of T. held a meeting in the city of Utica about two weeks since which is said to have been the largest, most pleasant, and encouraging session ever held in the country.—Some sixty representatives were in attendance. Speeches were made by Judge Graves of Herkimer, A. R. Dodge Esq. of Illinois, Mr. Marsh of Frankfort, and others, and also remarks by several of the Daughters.

The Grand Union also held a meeting in Rochester on the 18th ult. at which many representatives were present from a distance. G. W. Bungay, Daniel Wood Esq., and A. Lathrop Esq. briefly addressed the meeting. One or two of the ladies made a few pertinent remarks. We learn from one of the members, who called upon us on her return home, that this meeting was not as interesting as the one in Utica, as there had been no arrangement for speakers, and of course no one was prepared for the occasion.—We think the sisters should do their own speaking and not rely upon men to do it for them.—They can qualify themselves for it, and it is certainly their right and their duty to carry on their own meetings independent of men; and then, if they choose, let them, as a matter of courtesy, invite gentlemen to speak.

BARNUM'S MUSEUM AND MENAGERIE will be in our village on the 9th inst. If we may believe the reports concerning it, it is a magnificent affair and well worth looking at. Of course we shall go to see it, and so we suppose, will every body else. We Senecas let no opportunity slip of storing our minds with the useful and instructive, or feasting our eyes with the beautiful and wonderful.

THE WHIG REVIEW.—We are indebted to the publishers for the August No. of this excellent work.

THE SCALPEL, "with the compliments of the editor," is received, for which the editor will please accept our thanks. We are happy to see that in him we have a warm hearted champion.

THE BLAKELY FAMILY will give a Concert of vocal and instrumental music in this village on Tuesday evening, the 2d inst., at Conklin's new Hall. There will doubtless be a rush, not only to hear the fine music, but to see the splendid Hall which will then be opened to the public for the first time.

We are told by those who know, that this is the finest Hall to be found in this section of the State. Great praise is due the proprietor for his enterprise and good taste in fitting it up.

We hope our citizens will give the Blakely's a good house, and we doubt not they will be richly repaid for the time and money so spent.

☞ We will next month present our readers with an engraved likeness of JENNY LIND.

☞ The article of Senex on our fourth page—the first number of which appeared last month—is written by a gentleman and a scholar, belonging to the legal profession, and who resides in the eastern part of this State. The article will continue through several numbers; we bespeak for it a careful and candid reading.

For The Lily.
**THERE IS A GOOD TIME COMING,
 GIRLS.**

BY MRS. LUCY E. ROUNSWELL.

"There is a good time coming, boys,"
 Has long been echoed round;
 But never yet the gentler sex,
 Have heard the cheering sound.

But there's a good time coming, girls,
 O! tell it far and near;
 Emancipation is the cry,
 Our fainting hearts to cheer.

There is a good time coming, girls,
 And noble man will heed;
 Reason's petition we invoke;
 'Tis not in vain we plead.

There is a good time coming, girls,
 And Fashion, luckless wight,
 From off his pinnacle of fame
 Must take his downward flight.

There is a good time coming, girls,
 We'll gird the armor on;
 Knowledge and justice, truth and love,
 Fit dress, and all is won.

There is a good time coming, girls,
 Then to the standard vie;
 'Tis victory—reform we urge,
 For this we live or die.

Mitchell, Wis.

From the Drawing Room Companion.
**THE COAST STORM; OR, A WIFE
 WORTH HAVING.**

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

The old ship Vincent seemed to be one of those crafts that, according to the theory of sailors, are doomed to ill fate. James Marshall, a young man from Newport, R. I., had been her captain for five years, and during that time she had been twice "knocked down;" once had she carried away her foremast, and, at the time of which we write, the old ship was docked at Liverpool, undergoing repairs from a serious damage she had received during a heavy gale in St. George's Channel. But in these mishaps the owners had been forced to acknowledge that the young captain was entirely free from blame, while, on the other hand, he had made better "time" in his trips than any other master had ever been able to get out of her.

The last damage which the Vincent received, proved to be the occasion of the dawning of a new era in the life of Captain Marshall, for while waiting in Liverpool for his ship to be repaired, he fell in with a blooming New England girl, named Emma Ramsay, the eldest daughter of the agent, who did the business for the Vincent's owners, and ere long they discovered that between them there existed a peculiar feeling of mutual love. Captain Marshall popped the delicate question, Emma consulted with her papa, and at length she consented to become Mrs. Marshall. It was a happy day for all parties when the marriage took place, for, from the known characters of the bridegroom and his beautiful bride, all felt sure that the match would prove one of peace and content.

The Vincent was once more ready for sea.—Her cargo was all on board, and shipped for Boston, and Emma had resolved to accompany her husband to the United States. For a number of days the weather was pleasant, and the wind was fair; while Captain Marshall felt himself extremely happy in the delightful company of his wife. The old sailors shook their heads as they saw the gentle Emma pacing the deck, and they very mysteriously asserted that "such pleasure couldn't always last;" and so, indeed, it proved: for at the close of a pleasant day, when they were within three or four days' sail of their destined port, things began to look anything but agreeable.

Away to the south'rd and east'rd the horizon began to assume a sort of inky blackness, with here and there a ghost-like, livid spot, while on all hands the heavens had changed their ethereal blue for a cast of deeper and more fearful import.

Capt. Marshall felt as he had never felt before on the approach of a storm. For himself—for his ship—he had no thought then. There was one on board who engrossed his every sympathy: for his young wife he felt a degree of intense anxiety that was painful; but he forgot not his duty, and with comparative calmness he set about it. The courses were hauled up and snugly furled, the lighter sails taken in, and the lofty yard and top-gallant masts sent on deck, and the three top-sails close reefed.

Long before the sun went down, the undulating ocean had assumed almost the blackness of night, and not many moments elapsed after the spars had been secured upon the deck, ere the storm burst upon the ship. It was a regular south-easter, and those who have encountered one of these storms in the gulf, know something of their power. Higher and higher rose the mighty tempest, until at length it was found necessary to take in the top-sails, and trust to the fore and main storm-stay-sails and a balance reefed spanker, and in this way the ship lay to till morning, the gale increasing every hour.

Capt. Marshall had trusted that when the sun rose on the next day, the storm would abate; but in this he was disappointed; for a part of the forenoon he was actually obliged to scud before it.—It was not until two sails had been torn from their bolt-ropes that he broke his fears to his wife.

"Emma" said he, "I wish I had not taken you with me."

"Why so?" she asked, as she gazed up into her husband's face with apparent astonishment. "Why so? Do you not comprehend our danger?"

"But the ship does not lean, does it?" returned Emma, with remarkable coolness.

"No."

"Then let us not fear the storm. I was born upon the Atlantic, and I feel that I can yet trust to my native element."

The captain was astonished at this trait in his wife's character, and clasping her in his arms, he felt his own soul swelling with a new life.

"Emma," he said, as he gazed more affectionately than ever into her face, "my heaviest fears are past. For you alone have I feared the most: but now I can calmly tell you wherein lies our danger. The storm has driven us far out of our course, and twice have we been scudding before it. I fear that the coast of Maine cannot be far to the leeward, and of that coast I know nothing, save what I may gather from my chart.—For us to lay to, is next to impossible. The rising sea has rendered our stay-sails useless, and I have been obliged to set the close-reefed main-top-sail, but she cannot hold it long."

"My husband," returned Emma, "though you may know nothing of the coast of Maine, yet there are but few spots along her rugged shores that are not as play-grounds to me. My father was for years a surveyor of her islands and harbors, and I was his constant companion. To me her cliffs and inlets present nothing that can alarm me."

Hardly had she ceased speaking, when a sharp crack, like the report of a pistol, sounded from aloft, followed by a tearing and crashing that started the captain to his feet.

"The main-top-sail has gone!" he exclaimed, and immediately he sprang upon the deck.

Again the ship was put before the gale, and for several moments Captain Marshall was undecided what to do. While in this quandary he felt a hand laid upon his shoulder, and on turning, he beheld his wife. She had a "sou'-wester" upon her head, and a pea-jacket buttoned closely about her.

"What is the matter, James?" she said.

Her husband explained his perplexity.

A strange look of fearlessness and confidence rested upon that fair woman's face, and for a moment at the compass, she said:

"We head north-west. Station a truss out in the fore-top, and let the ship stand on."

Captain Marshall felt at that moment as though an angel had been sent to pilot him to a haven of rest. Whence arose the feeling he knew not, but instinctively he obeyed.

Fearful and loud roared the mighty storm, and on dashed the riven ship, but all fearless and composed stood the heroic woman upon the quarter-deck, and the hardy seamen, as they gazed upon her, felt that what daunted not a woman should not daunt them.

"Land-ho!" came from the fore-top.

In three minutes more, as the ship rose upon the bosom of a giant sea, the land was made out from the deck, bearing about two points on the larboard bow. Emma caught sight of it, and seizing a glass, at the next swell she discovered a light-house upon its summit. Then she turned her glass over the starboard beam, and in a moment she exclaimed:

"There are the Bantam Ledges. That land on the larboard is Seguin, and beyond I can see Cape Small Point." James she continued, as she gazed into her husband's face with a look all made up of conscious power, "if you will drop your fore-top-sail, I will take you into the Kennebeck!"

For a moment Captain Marshall hardly credited the evidence of his own senses, but one look into the calm, radiant features of his wife determined him, and in five minutes the fore-top-sail was sheeted home.

Emma Marshall seized the spanker out-haul and sprang upon the wheel-house, and calm as the falling of the summer's dew fell her orders to the men at the wheel. The island of Seguin was cleared in safety, the ship bowled fearlessly by the foam-dashed rocks, and ere long her bows cleft the smooth waters of the Kennebeck. All danger was passed. Though the storm still raged, yet the old Vincent rode at anchor, and the howling tempest could harm her no more.

Emma Marshall descended from her station and sought her cabin. Her rough habiliments were thrown aside, and ere long she re-appeared in all the modesty and beauty of her native grace. Capt. Marshall pressed her to his bosom, and at that moment the hardy seamen waved their hats high above their uncovered heads, while a prolonged shout of joy and gratitude went from their relieved souls. They had been saved from the terrible "Coast Storm," and from the bottom of their hearts they confessed that Emma Marshall was a wife worth having.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW favors the new American costume. It says: "were women mermaids, the petticoats would be mechanically right; but they have two lower limbs, and these limbs require separate integuments, just as much as a glove requires to have separate fingers. We think the objectors should try gloves made stocking fashion."

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC ABANDONED IN AUGUSTA!—On Saturday last—being the day on which the Mayor's sixty day proclamation expired—the several liquor dealers in this city, great and small, including hotel keepers, apothecaries, and all others who had to any extent participated in its sale, "voluntarily abandoned the traffic; and now on this 7th day of August, in the year of grace, 1851, not a single glass of intoxicating liquor of any kind is sold, or can be obtained, for love or money, or for any purpose whatever, in the city of Augusta!—[Augusta (Me.) Age.]

WASHING THE GUTTERS WITH LIQUOR.—The Bangor (Maine) Whig states that the City Marshal, on Friday last, by order of the Police Court, rolled out from the basement of the City Hall, ten casks of liquor, seized under the new liquor law and destroyed the liquor by turning it into the gutters. The empty casks were then safely returned to their owners.